

more pleasant. The roads are very, very dusty and riding on the main highway is not very pleasant. No rain to amount to anything since we came here.

*July 7, 1918, Sunday.* Had a very quiet night and an extra nap this morning (being Sunday). Did not get up until 7:30. After finishing up the morning routine work, Colonel Ferguson and myself went in his car to see General Godby in regard to our Regiment coming into the sector held by the II British Army Corps. We spent about an hour with the General going over plans for work of the Regiment when it comes into his area. It was a very satisfactory conference. The first time I met General Godby I was very much attracted to him and my liking for him increased with this second meeting. He is whole-hearted and true, and interested in our work and our point of view. We left Houtkerque about 1 p. m., for Watau, the Headquarters of the 30th Division. We had dinner at a pretty fair Belgian restaurant. Charged six and a half francs. Spent a short time with Captain Humphrey. We three then went up to Proven to look over the ground that our troops will probably occupy for a central camp. It was not very prepossessing. If it should rain for a day or two the ground would be a mass of mud. My headquarters will probably be at this camp for the next three weeks. Major Reynolds, the Commandant of the area, showed us around. He is a Canadian from Montreal. From Proven we took the Poperinghe road to its intersection with the Watau road, over which we returned to Watau and left Captain Humphrey. We then returned to camp via Steenvoorde. This is another deserted city (Population was about 4,250). It has been shelled several times and many of the buildings are demolished. The city was evacuated after Bailleu fell into the hands of the Germans. It makes me feel very sad to see these deserted and shelled cities. Colonel Ferguson had a bad headache, and on reaching camp I gave him some aspirin and he went to bed.

Mazie's letter of May 27th was received today. It brought tears to my eyes as I read it. It was a very, very dear letter.

(Enclosure in diary)

A red poppy, picked near Quercamp on march from Sanghen to Cassel, June 28, 1918.